THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.] "HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING." [TERMS $1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL. VII, NO. 31.] ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1855. [WHOLE NO. 956

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
Office on North side of Main Street in the New Masonic Hall, a few doors East of the Court House, and a few doors West of the Norton House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

If paid within three months, $1,50
If paid after that time, 2,00
Papers discontinued only at the option of the editor, while arrearages are due.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Each square, (11 lines or less,) three week, $1,00
Every additional insertion, 25
Yearly advertisements one column, $40,00
Half column, 25,00
Quarter column, 15,00
Professional cards $5 per annum.
☞ All letters addressed to the editor must be paid to ensure attention. ☜
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POETRY.

THE GHOST-PLAYER.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Tom Goodwin was an actor man,
Old Drury's pride and boast
In all the spritely parts,
Especially the Ghost.

Now Tom was very fond of drink,
Of almost every sort,
Comparative and positive,
From Porter up to port.

But grog, like grief, is fatal stuff
For any man to sup;
For when it fails to pull him down,
Its sure to blow him up.

So it fared with ghostly Tom,
Who day by day was seen
A swelling, till (as lawyers say)
He fairly lost his lean.

At length the manager observed
He'd better leave his post.
And said, he played the very deuce
When e'er he played the Ghost.

'Twas only t'other night he saw
A fellow swing his hat,
And heard him cry, "By all the gods!
The Ghost is getting fat!"

'Twould never do, the case was plain!
His eyes he couldn't shut;
Ghosts shouldn't make the people laugh,
And Tom was quite a nurr.

Tom's actor friends said ne'er a word
To cheer his drooping form;
Though more than one was burning up
With zeal to "take his part."

Tom argued very plausibly;
He said he didn't doubt
That Hamlet's father drank and grew
In years, a little stout.

And so 'twas natural, he said,
And quite a proper plan,
To have his spirit represent
A portly sort of man.

'Twas all in vain, the manager
Said he was not in sport,
And, like a general, bade poor Tom
Surrender up his forte.

He'd do perhaps in heavy parts;
Might answer for a monk,
Or porter to the elephant,
To carry round its trunk.

But in the Ghost his day was past!—
He'd never do for that;
A Ghost might just as well be dead
As pathetic and fat!

Alas! next day poor Tom was found
As stiff as any post—
For he had lost his character,
And given up the Ghost!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BLACKSMITH'S TRIAL.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the fall of 1849 I was travelling in the West on business. I left the Mississippi steamboat at Columbia, Kentucky, having made up my mind to travel by land as far as Muhlenburgh county, where I should strike the Green River far enough nort ward to take one of the small flat boats for the Ohio.

Late one evening I arrived at the town of M——, intending to take the stage from there on the next morning. The bar room of the tavern was crowded with people, and I noticed that large numbers of the citizens were collected about the street corners, appearing to be discussing some matter of more than usual interest.

Of course I became curious to know the cause of all this, and the first favorable opportunity I asked the question of the landlord. He gazed at me a moment in silence, and then with an ominous shake of the head he gave me to understand that a most dreadful thing had happened, but before he had explained to me what it was, he was called away to attend to other business.

I soon found, however, that the "dreadful thing" was the object of conversation all around me; and by simply listening, I gained an insight into the mystery. It seemed that there was to be a trial for murder there on the next day, and the criminal was a young blacksmith, who had been born and brought up in the town, and who, until the present time, had borne a character above reproach.

I endeavored to find out the particulars, but I could ascertain little upon which to depend, for different people gave different accounts, and all who knew anything of the matter were too much excited to speak calmly. The murder had transpired only about a week before, and consequently the event was fresh in the minds of the people.

The only facts that came to me, upon which I could rely, were that a middle aged man, named Matthew Hampton, had been murdered and robbed, and that Abdel Adams the young blacksmith, had been arrested for the crime, and would be tried on the morrow. Some said that the murdered man's money, to the amount of over two thousand dollars, had been found upon the young man's person, but others denied this statement. Yet all sympathised with the prisoner. He was beloved by all his townsmen, and but few of them could believe anything of the reports that crept into circulation.

As I was in no particular haste, I resolved to remain at M—— until the trial had come off; so I went and erased my name from the stage book where it had been placed and then informed my host of my determination.

On the following morning at an early hour the people began to flock to the court house, and I saw that if I would secure a place I must join the crowd. I did so, and at length found myself within the building, and as good luck would have it, I made a stand near the prisoner's box. Ten o'clock was the hour fixed for opening the court, and before that time every conceivable standing place outside the dock was filled. Stagings were erected outside under the windows, and these two were crowded.

At the appointed time the court came in, and the prisoner was conducted to the box. Said prisoner was not more than five and twenty years of age. He possessed one of the most pleasing countenances I ever saw. It was one of those bold, frank faces, full of courage and good nature—just such an one as is unhesitat ngly taken as the index to a pure and generous soul. He was a stout and athletic man, and carried the palm at every wrestling match in the country.

I thought within myself, this man is no murderer. And yet we know not to what extremities a man may sometimes be driven. Young Adams was quite pale, and his nether lip quivered as he found the gaze of the multitude fixed upon him, but his eye was bright and quick, but not defiant, yet bold and hopeful in its deep blue light.

The trial commenced. The indictment was clear and distinct, setting forth the fact that the prisoner, Abdel Adams, "did with malice aforethought," kill, &c on such a day, one Matthew Hampton—in the first place by striking him on the head with some very blunt weapon—and in the second place by stabbing him in the breast &c. To all, the prisoner plead 'not guilty.' From the first testimony I learned the following facts:

Near sundown, one afternoon, about a week previous, Matthew Hampton stopped at the shop of the prisoner to get his horse shod. This Hampton was a wealthy farmer, and his estate lay on the southward near the Tennessee line, and only fifteen miles distant from M——. He was known to have had some two thousand dollars with him at the time—money which he had received at Columbia for corn. It was nearly dusk when he started from the prisoner's shop. He took out his pocket book to pay for the job of shoeing his horse. This he did within the shop, and two persons were now present who testified to the fact, and also that when the pocket book was opened a large bunch of bank notes were exposed. About an hour after Hampton left, the prisoner came out of his shop and went to the stable, and having saddled his fleetest horse, he mounted and started off at full gallop, in the direction which Hampton had taken.

Next came two witnesses, 'Mr. Simple and Mr. Jordan," both of them respectable citizens of M——, who testified as follows:

They had been to the edge of Tennessee on business, and were returning home. At about nine o'clock on the evening in question they come to a point in the road where a high bluff overlooked the way, and while passing this, they were startled by seeing something in the moonlight that looked like a man. They at once dismounted, and found that what they had seen was the body of Matthew Hampton, all gore-covered and bleeding. They had not been there more than a minute when they were joined by a third man, who said that he had seen the murder committed, and that the murderer had fled towards M——.

Simple and Jordan both recognised this new comer as Henry Bigler, and though his character was by no means of the most exemplary kind, that was no time for discussion. The body of Hampton was still warm, so that the murderer could not have been gone long. Bigler had no horse, so Mr. Simple agreed to remain by the body while Jordan and Bigler went in pursuit of the murderer. They put their horses to the top of their speed, and in half an hour, they overtook the prisoner, whom Bigler at once pointed out as the man. Jordan hailed the young blacksmith, and found him nervous and excited. He then asked him if he had seen Matthew Hampton, and Adams replied in the affirmative, but he spoke in a very strange manner. After some expostulation, the prisoner accompanied Jordan to M——, and there he was placed in the hands of the Sheriff, and on examining his person, Mr. Hampton's pocket book, containing two thousand dollars, was found upon him, and his hands were all covered with blood.

At this juncture the excitement in the little court room was intense. The crowded mass swayed to and fro like windswept grain—murmurs broke the sanctity of the place—murmurs loud and deep; and it was a few minutes before anything like order was restored.

At length Henry Bigler was called upon the stand. He was known by most of the people of M——, and though nothing positive was known against him of a criminal nature, yet he was known to be a reckless, wandering fellow, sometimes trading in slaves, sometimes dealing in horses, and sometimes driving a flat boat down the Mississippi river. He stepped upon the witnesses stand with a complaisant bow, and he gave in his testimony clearly and distinctly.

He said he was coming down the road toward M—— on foot, and when near the bluff he heard the sound of a struggle, accompanied by loud groans and entreaties. He sprang forward and arrived in season to see the prisoner leap into his saddle and ride off. The moon was shining at the time, so he could not have been mistaken. As soon as he found Mr Hampton was, as he supposed, dead, he started to go after help. The murdered man's horse flew towards home, so he could gain no assistance in that way. He had not gone far, however, when he heard the sound of horse's feet, and on turning to the slope he found Simple and Jordan there.

Bigler was cross questioned very severely, but his testimony was not to be flawed. He was explicit in all his statements, and at the same time he professed to feel a deep regret that he was called upon to testify against a man for whom he felt as much respect as he did for the prisoner.

At length young Adams rose to tell his story. He spoke clearly and with the tone of a man who told the truth. He said about an hour after Matthew Hampton had left his shop on the evening in question, he went to the sink and washed his hands, and while there he trod on something that attracted his attention. He stopped and picked it up, and found it to be a pocket book, and on taking it to the light it proved to be Mr. Hampton's. He remembered that after Mr Hampton had paid him for shoeing the horse, he went to the sink after a drink of water, and that he must have dropped the book. The young blacksmith's first idea, he said, was to keep the book until Mr. Hampton came back, but upon second thought he resolved to saddle his horse and overtake him and restore the money. Accordingly he set off, and when he reached the bluff his horse stopped and began to rear and snort. He discovered something laying by the roadside and upon dismounting and going to it he found it to be the body of Mr. Hampton, still warm and bleeding. He first satisfied himself that he could do nothing alone, and then he started back toward M—— for assistance. When he was overtaked by Jordan and Bigler, the idea of having Hampton's money with him broke upon him with a stunning force, and hence his strange and incoherent manner.

When the prisoner sat down there was a low murmur which told that his story was believed. But the judge shook his head, and the lawyer did the same, and the jury looked anxious and troubled. The prisoner's counsel did all he could to establish his client's good character, and also to impeach the character of Bigler, but he could not refute the testimony given in.

When the judge came to charge the jury, he spoke of the testimony against the prisoner, and of the corroborative circumstances. With regard to the prisoner's story, he said it was very much like truth but he would have the jury remember how easily such stories could be made.

It was not long after when the jury retired to make up their verdict. They were gone half an hour, and when they returned the foreman showed by the very hue of his countenance that the verdict was fatal! All saw it, and I could hear the throbbing of the hundred hearts about me.

"Gentlemen of the jury you have made a verdict!"

"We have."

"Shall your foreman speak for you?"

"Yes."

"Abdel Adams, stand upward look the foreman in the face."

'Now is Abdel Adams, prisoner at the bar guilty or not!'

Hark. The first syllable of the word 'guilty' is upon the foreman's lips, but he speaks it not. Those who yet crowd about the windows shout with all their might, in a moment more a man crowds his way into the court room. He hurries up and whispers to the sheriff—and then he goes to the bench and whispers to the judge. Henry Bigler starts up and moves towards the door, but in an instant the hand of the sheriff is on him. All is excitement the most intense. Directly the mass at the door begins to give way, and four men are seen bearing upon their shoulders a chair—a stuffed chair—and in the chair sits Matthew Hampton—not dead but alive.

True, he is pale and ghastly, but his eyes are open and his lips move. At length the chair is set down before the bench, and the old physician of H—— asks permission to speak. As soon as this fact becomes known, all is quiet once more.

The physician says that neither of the wounds which Mr. Hampton had received are mortal, though he had at first thought they were. The blow upon the head, and the stab in the breast combined to produce a state of cataleptsy, which resembled death so nearly that many an experienced person may have been deceived. When he gave out that Mr. Hampton was dead he thought that it was so. But when he found that Mr. Hampton was living, he kept the secret to himself for fear that a certain man whose presence was very much needed might be missing.

At this juncture, Mr. Henry Bigler made a savage attempt to break away from the sheriff, but it did not avail him. The jury were directed to return to their box and Matthew Hampton was requested to speak. He was too weak to rise, but he spoke plainly, and in a manner, that showed his mind to be clear.

He stated that when he reached the bluff on the night of the disaster, he discovered that his pocket book was gone. He stopped his horse and was trying to think where he could have lost it. When some one came up from the roadside. He had just time to see that it was Henry Bigler, when he received a blow upon the head from a club that knocked him from his horse. Then he felt a sharp, stinging burning pain in his bosom, and with a momentary starting of the muscles he opened his eyes. He saw that Bigler was stooping over him and ransacking his pockets.—He could remember of hearing the distant gallop of a horse—that he thought that his body was dragged to the roadside—and after that he could remember nothing till he awoke in his own house, and found the doctor by his bedside.

For a little while longer the multitude had to restrain themselves. I remember that the judge said something to the jury and that the jury whispered together for a moment. The prisoner stood up once more, and the foreman of the jury said—Not Guilty.

Then burst forth a hearty shout of the people. Abdel Adams sank back upon his seat and in a moment more he was seized by a score of stout men, and with wild and rending shouts they bore him into the free pure air, where the bright stars looked down and smiled upon them. A little way had they gone when they met a young woman whose hair was flowing in the night breeze, and who wrung her hands in agony. They stopped and set their burden down. Abdel Adams saw the woman, and he sprang forward and caught her to his bosom.

"Mary—Mary—I'm innocent I'm innocent—from—"

The wife did not speak. She only clung wildly to her noble husband and wept upon his bosom.

A wagon body was torn from its axletrees—the blacksmith and his wife were placed thereon, and then they were borne away toward their home, and long after they had passed from my sight I could hear the glad shouts of the impulsive people, waking the night air, and reverberating among the distant hills.

On the next morning, before the stage started, I learned that Matthew Hampton had determined to make the young blacksmith accept a thousand dollars whether he was willing or not.

Two weeks afterwards, while sitting in the office of my hotel at Cincinnati, I received newspapers from M——. Henry Bilger had been hanged, and on the gallows acknowledged his guilt. Matthew Hampton was slowly recovering, and the blacksmith had, after much expostulation accepted the thousand dollars from Hampton's bounty.

From the New York Tribune.

SALTPETRE EXPLODED.

Barnum—*the* Barnum, is a Connecticut farmer. He has a passion that way. It is his present hobby.—Sometimes it is a 'Fire Annihilator,' and sometimes the Crystal Palace annihilates him.

Last year he had the hen fever. That was his hobby. He rode it till he spent about $2,000, and then found that he had neither eggs or chickens for family use. His neighbor's hens that 'stole their nests,' under the barn or by the side of the fence, hatched more chickens than his did, and when they were grown, they were healthy and good to eat, while his were drooping and sickly in their costly house.

Farming however, was always a hobby with him. He has been for years buying up the old fields around Bridgeport and digging out the stones, covering the ground with muck dug out of all the neighboring swamps. Then he bought all the stable manure that he could get hold of in the village and carted it out, but it did not pay—it was half straw and one fourth water, and it was expensive. That hobby broke down. It has broken down a thousand times before, but the more it broke, the more old-fogyism stuck to it. It was an ancient custom of the land to plow shallow and top-dress with stable manure, sea-weed and fish. Digging muck was an innovation. It was a good thing, but it did not pay long transportation. Something better was wanted. Somebody said, use salt.—That did not look reasonable. What virtue was there in salt to make plants grow! Somebody else said, use saltpetre. But that was evident nonsense.—Saltpetre was only to preserve meat—it was not manure. Another wise man told him Glauber salts were good, but a wiser one told him that Epsom salts were better.

"Bless your soul, man,' says Barnum, 'do you suppose I want to physic my land! No, Sir; I want to feed it, and make it feed me.'

So he took to the study of agriculture.—He took several learned agricultural papers, and read them, and—well, he concluded that he was not the only humbug in the world.

So he went off lecturing upon humbug as a science, under the full impression that he had been about as badly humbugged, in the agricultural line, hens and hundred dollar ducks included, as he ever humbugged anybody with wooly horses and Feejee mermaids.

Still he was not satisfied. He thought Connecticut soil had something in it, and if it could be stimulated to give it up, it would produce something besides daisies and mullens.

As he did not need to study his lecture—that came natural—he bought Johnson's Chemistry, Norton's Chemistry and Leibig's Chemistry, and devoted his leisure hours of travelling to search out what was the best and most concentrated manure to apply to his old fields. He had already done one very essential thing; he had plowed the soil deeper than it was ever plowed before; and now he wanted to manure better and cheaper, and make it more productive. So he studied agricultural chemistry. Therein he learned three facts:

That an application of 100 lbs. of *nitrate of potash* to an acre of land had doubled the crop of grass.

Again, he read that the same quantity of *sulphate of soda* had produced the same or a better effect.

It was also stated that *sulphate of magnesia* was still better, and that remarkable effects had been produced by a free use of *muriate of soda*. *Nitrate of soda* had also done wonders.

The authors suggested that the farmer might procure a portion of each of these sulphates and nitrates and mix them together, and produce a cheaper and more concentrated manure than super-phosphate of lime or guano.

Full of this idea, farmer Barnum returned to New York and went forthwith to a dealer in drugs, medicines and chemicals, and inquired the price of the following articles:

Nitrate of potash—6 cents a pound.
Nitrate of soda—4 cents.
Sulphate of soda—2 cents.
Sulphate of magnesia—2½ cents.
Muriate of soda—1½ cents.

'Very well, put me up a hogshead of each.'

In due time the farmer was ready to begin to use his new manures, or rather he was first curious—even showmen have curiosity—to see what these nitrates and sulphates all looked like. So he ordered the casks that had arrived to be opened for inspection.—That was soon done, and the man, with consternation written upon his face, came back with handsfull of the contents and reported:

'Mr. Barnum, you're sold, humbugged; look here—that was marked Nitrate of potash.—What do you call that?'

'That' that is saltpetre—nothing else.'

'And this! That was marked sulphate of soda.'

'Why, that! that,'—and he tasted—'that, oh, pshaw!—that is only Glauber salts.'

"And this sulphate of magnesia?'

'Bah—that is Epsom salts.'

'And shall I send them back!"

'Yes—no—hold on. Perhaps the druggist in the village has sent for them, and they have made a mistake and sent my nitrates & sulphates to him and his physic to me."

So he posted down to inquire; but no—nobody had sent for any Glauber salts; and so he came back to write a letter and blow up the dealer who had so befooled him.

In the meantime the man had got the cask marked 'muriate of soda' opened, and reported that it contained—ha, ha, ha!—simply common salt!'

'What on earth, wrote Mr. B. to the chemist, 'did you send me Glauber salts, Epsom salts, saltpetre and common salt for! Do you think I want to pickle and preserve my land; and if I get in too much salt and saltpetre, to physic it out! Only one of the casks contain what I ordered, and that is the nitrate of soda.'

The return mail brought the following answer:

'Nitrate of soda, of course, is right, because it is not known by any other name.

'Glauber salts is, properly speaking, sulphate or soda, and sulphate of magnesia is nothing more nor less than Epsom salts.

'Salt, as we use the term, is salt, but it is a very unmeaning term among so many salts—muriate of soda is the right name of our common or table salt.

'And nitrate of potash is nothing but saltpeter—dont be afraid of it, it won't explode.'

'But it did explode,' said Mr. Barnum. It exploded my ignorance—I had studied agriculture, chemistry, but I did not know salt nor saltpetre; I do now, and I mean to know that they are good for the land."

And we mean that a few thousand other people shall know the same thing. We do know that all these things are good and very cheap manures.

FARMERS.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Must either hold the plough or drive."

According to our poor opinion of things, we think the farmer's life is the most independent life a person can live. The present season opens his period of labor and pleasure; we say of *pleasure*, because, thanks to the enlightenment of the age, they recognize the truth of Cicero's dictum, "Nothing is healthier than agriculture, nothing better, nothing worthier of freemen." Virgil tells us that farmers would be too happy if they appreciated their advantages.

The calling of the farmer is the fountain head of all employments, because he produces directly the means of subsistence. Other commodities may be purchased or rejected at the caprice of buyers, but the farmer's must be purchased

He ministers not to the taste or whims, of society, but to our imperious necessities.—Fashion may change, but the changes of fashion cannot affect corn or wheat. The producer of the staff of life is certain of a firm support to rely upon at all times. The farmers look upon this season with peculiar interest. He surveys his broad fields with the eye of a general, or field officer, upon which a battle is to be fought. The farmer is a general in his way—the weeds and the elements are his antagonists. If his acres are not furrowed by the wheels of artillery they are rent in twain by the sharp share of his plough. He has probably planned his campaign during the winter—aided his experience and judgment by comparing them with the experience and judgment of others.

His skill tells him what fields are to be furrowed, what mowed, what pastured, and what planted. He commits his seed to the ground, piously relying on the promise of the Scripture, that "seed time and harvest shall never fail." But all his toil and exertions have an an aim and reward. With autumn comes the triumph of the farmer's skill.

He sees his broad acres covered with golden grain, and everything around him is redolent of plenty and profusion. It is then, when he reads of mercantile convulsions, of momentary crisis, of fires in Commercial cities of ships foundered at sea, and going down to the bottom with all their rich cargoes, that he has reason to thank Heaven that he is a farmer.

TRUE BENEFACTORS.—Channing says, and with truth:—The day laborer, who earns, with horny hands and the sweat of his brow coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by his generous motive, to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others." It is worthy of note, then the men and women who think most highly of themselves, and most meanly of others, are those who render back to society for the good things they enjoy, the smallest return of personal effort. The world's true benefactors, and therefore its true noblemen, are they who serve it, humbly and earnestly to the best of the ability God has given them. All others are but counterfeits and pretenders.—Ex.

ACCIDENT.—The man who run up a column of figures, tumbled down, and was hurt very badly.

POLITICAL.

THE KANSAS INFAMY.—We learn by telegraph that the majorities for the pro-slavery tickets at the election, on the 30th ult., in Kansas, varied between two hundred and eight hundred votes in each district. The number of legal votes in the Territory, according to the census just taken, is about two thousand six hundred. There are seventeen districts, and if we allow an average (admitting the report to be true) of four hundred majority in each district, the majorities alone would amount to nearly three times the number of legal voters. In Lawrence city, the population of which three weeks before the election was about six hundred and fifty men, women and children, there were ten hundred and thirty-three votes cast.

In proof of the infamous swindle practised by the followers of Cass, Douglas, Atchison & Co., we have *The Squatter Sovereign*, issued on March 13, at Atchison, Kansas. It carries at the head, "For President, David R. Atchison, of Missouri;" and "For Delegate to Congress, General J. W. Whitfield—subject to the decision of the Squatter Sovereigns at the Polls," boasts a circulation of over Two Thousand; carries a flag inscribed "Democracy—The Union: It must be preserved;" and has for its motto, "The South and her Institutions." We copy the leading article, as a fair index of its spirit:

'Within the last few days, we have welcomed to Kansas a great many of our old friends from Missouri. They are coming in to make *permanent* settlement, and we are glad to see them in before the election, as it is very obvious that our *nominal* Governor is devoting all his time to try and carry the ensuing election for the Abolitionists. He is (we have no doubt) delaying the election as long as he dare, for the purpose of getting as many of his negro thieving friends from Thayer & Co. as he can, prior to the election, and to *drill* his *secret* co-federates as thoroughly as possible before the fight comes off. Won't it be a glorious sight to see this regiment of his Excellency! Falstaff's ragged regiment would be beautiful compared to it. And it is intimated that they will *really* have death-dealing revolvers and huge bowie-knives, every ragged rascal of them. We hope none of the 'bloody villains' will come this way; 'our folks' are not used to the smell of gunpowder, and the gleaming of knives; it makes us feel like fainting to talk about it; we really think the Government ought to be called on, to protect us from these bloody minded Thayer men.

"We hope our timid friends in Missouri will not be scared out of their intention of coming here, however; perhaps we may persuade them not to hurt us. Provisions are scarce in Kansas; we would, therefore, suggest to the emigrants to bring their guns and ammunition with them, as game is very abundant—deer, turkeys, &c., and a Missourian can always make a living with his gun in a game country. We would also advise that they bring plenty of well twisted hemp rope, as there may be a great many negroes—horse thieves about the time of our election, and it might be necessary to hang some of them by way of example, and to prevent the shedding of blood, as Cromwell once said, when he ordered a company to be shot. We are order-loving and law-abiding men, but, until we make laws, we are higher law men. We go in for hanging thieves of *all* kinds, as high as Haman, as a gentle hint to evil disposed men to deter them from the commission of crime."

O. A. BROWNSON ON THE DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES.—Orestes A. Brownson lectured at New Orleans a few days since. The Creole of the 14th gives the following abstract of the concluding portion of this lecture. Speaking of the Romish church he says:

It must become the arbiter between the state and the subject. It must guard the man by interposing its flaming sword as a defence. It must construe constitutions, & expound laws, deciding where is the limit of centralized power, and what is its absolute duty to perform.

For the individual it must decide what is the "higher law," giving licenses to obey one civil requirement or declaring it sinful not to resist another. To learn the bearing of all this, we need only ask, who constitutes the church that Mr. Brownson clothes with such power! The clergy. And above them, to whom they are subject, stands the Pope, claiming allegiance and dictating their conduct.

The lecture of Dr. Brownson is, therefore, a clear, bold, and specific annunciation of the right of the Pope to exercise political power—particularly in this country, which is emphatically chosen in these latter days to fulfil a mission which the effete nations of Europe have been unworthy to perform.

We admire the boldness with which the annunciation is made, coupled as it was with the assurance that the time was not far distant when the cross would line our streets, and the vesper bell be heard from all our valleys and hill tops.

We ask our Creole Catholics if this is their idea of the power and province of the church!

Is there an American so blind as not to see that "this mission" is to bind a continent now free, in the bonds of a spiritual and civil despotism!

The denial of Mr. Chandler in Washington of the claim of the church to temporal power is repudiated by Dr. Brownson in New Orleans.

☞ Matrimony is said to be greatly on the increase, and is regarded as an evidence of a general improvement in mercantile affairs. The Boston Transcript says that not less than one thousand marriage certificates have been issued in that city since the first of January last. Hard times is supposed to be the cause

☞ A piece of land was recently sold in London at the rate of two millions of dollars an acre.

A Clerical Scamp.

We heard yesterday of a series of villanies perpetrated recently by a wolf in sheep's clothing, of a character to bring the reverend impostor, if caught, to the penitentiary. His name is John Howard Wilson, and he has been preaching for some time past at Cheviot. Being endowed with a soft, oily tongue, and a sleek appearance, he tried his killing accomplishments indiscriminately among the unmarried belles of that suburban village with such success that he engaged himself to be married to no less than eleven, some of whom he borrowed money from upon pretense of making the necessary arrangements towards housekeeping. Of one young lady he obtained $50, which he laid between the leaves of a Bible in her parlor, to be used the day previous to the wedding; but when, upon hearing of the pranks of the sanctimonious Lothario, she looked in the hiding-place; the bank bills were *non est*.

The manner which led to the discovery of his multifarious engagements was, that a couple of the betrothed met by accident in a fashionable dry-goods establishment in this city. After mutual recognition, they proceeded to examine various fabrics and make purchases. Singularly enough their tastes assimilated so exactly that young lady number one, remarked to young lady number two, that she thought it was very strange. Hereupon young lady number two replied that so it was; but, if she (young lady number one) could keep a secret, she would tell her one.

Number one promised (what feminine could not!) that her lips should be eternally sealed, when, blushing like a peony, her companion whispered in her ear that she was going to be married.

"To whom!" exclaimed the excited number one.

Another promise of secrecy and the name of the Rev. John Howard Wilson was softly breathed.

"Who!" exclaimed number one, while her earnest gaze betokened her astonishment.

The name was again repeated, and forthwith young lady number one became suddenly dizzy, and but for the application of *sal volatile* and cold water, a fainting exhibition in the mercer's establishment would have ensued. After awhile, when sufficiently calm to explain, she informed young lady number two that she, too, was under an engagement of marriage to the reverend deceiver, and she was then making purchases of her wedding garments. Another kettle of fish was the consequence of this disclosure, for young lady number two immediately went through the same motion as her predecessor, and again the pungent mixture and cold water were in requisition. The disconsolate damsels returned without their purchases to the quiet village, where they speedily proclaimed the villainy of the rascally pastor, who, getting wind that all was discovered, made tracks between two days during the past week.

Since his exit it has been discovered that he some time ago forged a draft on Mr. Elliott, of the Methodist Book Concern, which was honored. No tidings have been heard of him since his abequatulation, but we presume he will turn up under another name, when he can discover a convenient field to reap a harvest by playing upon the credulity of the susceptible feminines who have a *penchant* for love and sanctity.

[*Cin. Commercial.*

To Sportsmen.

Wash your gun barrels in spirits of turpentine by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid, and swabbing them out three or four times, when they will be cleared from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry; even if they are a little moist it will not prevent their going off like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust as when water is used. I am an old experienced gunner, and have practised this for years, and found it useful. Spirits of turpentine can be procured at all country stores, and a small quantity sufficeth.

F. B.

[*Scientific American.*

An Interesting Position.

A perfectly authenticated story is told of an officer residing in Guiana, who amused himself in fishing and hunting in a neighboring river. One sultry day, tired with unsuccessful sport, he threw his lines, and drew his canoe to the river's edge, for the purpose of refreshing himself in the water. Having done so, he stretched himself, half dressed, on the benches of his canoe, with his gun loaded with shot, and in this position he fell asleep. Presently he was aroused from his slumber, by a curious sensation, as if some animal was licking his foot.—In a state of half stupor, natural to waking from his sleep, he cast his eyes downward, and to his horror perceived the neck and head of a monster serpent, covering his foot with saliva, preparatory to commencing the process of swallowing him whole. The officer had faced death in many forms—on the ocean—in the battle-field, but never had he conceived of it in such terrible guise. For a moment, the officer was fascinated, and then withdrawing his foot, he seized the gun lying beside him.

The reptile, apparently disturbed, for it had evidently mistaken the officer for a dead carcass, drew its head below the canoe. It rose again, moving backward and forward, as if in search of the object it had lost. The officer, with the muzzle of his gun within a yard or two of the serpent, fired, lodging the contents in its head.—The terrible boa, with a hiss, raised its heretofore unseen body in the air, and seemed determined to throw itself upon the officer, and embrace him in its powerful coils. A fortunate stroke of the paddle sent the canoe into the stream and to a place of safety. Having procured assistance the officer returned to the place of attack and having killed the reptile, found it upwards of forty feet in length and of proportionate thickness.

☞ Small pox is raging among the colored population in Washington, Pa!